THE ALL-ACTION COMIC • LET THE GALAXY QUAKE!

WARHAMMER MONTHLY

THE DAEMON VICTORIOUS!

#43

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Dark plans and machinations abound this month beneath the grim auspices of the Black Library. Shadowy creatures scuttle beneath, each one a tiny part of the growing organisation of our biggest event of the year, Black Library Day on 15th July. This will be our fourth open day and all the plans are for it to be our biggest yet. It will be a joint effort between the Black Library, Fanatic (that small and dedicated crew who support the multitude of specialist games) and Forge World (the chaps responsible for the big, big tanks and the large models of characters including Bloodquest's own Leonatos) with each department showcasing the very best they have to offer. You can find out more details on the inside back cover of this issue but needless to say there'll be the chance to meet your favourite Warhammer Monthly writers and artists and have a chance to pick up some limited edition items and special pre-release goodies and have them signed right there on the day! For the latest details of the event check out our website at www.blacklibrary.co.uk where we'll be posting the latest news of attractions, events and guests. Black Library Day, July 15th, not to be missed.

RICHARD WILLIAMS

DARKBLADE

Returned to his home, Malus Darkblade finds only death awaits him!

HELLBRANDT GRIMM

A tale of the defiance of simple folk, and the cruelty of evil men.

TITAN

Face to face with the horror of Chaos, Dictatio lets rip!

MORDHEIM

The Flayer has returned and he wants more than a word with the despicable duo.

DISPATCHES:

Everybody's favourite rogue, Kal Jerico, has been conspicuous by his absence from these pages recently but fear not, because our favourite under-hive bounty hunter swings back into action in issue 45. We're not going to give too much away but as you can see from the preview panel on the right, Kal's certainly going to have his hands full!

Other absentees from these pages have been the Dark Eldar. Judging by the last panel of Daemonifuge II part 7, Ephrael Stern might soon be crossing their path and look out for 'Succubus' from the creative team of David Stoddart (brother of Graham 'Blood & Brauds' Stoddart) and hot newcomer Paul Holden coming to these pages in the near future.

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DARKBLADE
BOOK III
THRONE OF BLOOD
-PART FIVE-
Script: Dan Abnett Art: Kev Hopper
THEY SAY THE NAME DARKBLADE IS WHISPERED AS A CURSE IN THE DARK COURTS OF HAG GRAEF.
LITTLE WONDER THAT MALUS DARKBLADE'S RETURN THERE IS GREETED WITH A SUMMARY DEATH SENTENCE.
GREATER WONDER THEN, THAT ANYONE SHOULD DARE INTERCEDE...
KLTANG!
NO, MY LORD! STAY YOUR BLADE!
WHAT? I SHOULD SPLIT YOU ASUNDER FOR THIS INSOLENCE, SILAR THORNBLOOD!
I DARE WHAT I MUST, DRACHAU. I AM LOYAL TO YOU, LIEGE, BUT I HAVE SWORN COMRADESHIP WITH DARKBLADE.
HOW DARE YOU?
IN THE CHAOS WASTES, AT YRKOOL, MALUS SAVED MY LIFE, AND THE LIVES OF MY WAR-BAND IN RETURN, WE SWORE WE WOULD VOUCH FOR HIS HONOUR ON OUR RETURN.
WOULD YOU MAKE ME BREAK A DRUCHII OATH?
YOUR EARNEST PLEA IS NOTED, THORNBLOOD, AND DOES NOT LEAVE ME UNMOVED. BUT IT IS OF NO MATTER...
...YOU KNOW THE LORE. ONCE MY BLADE IS DRAWN, IT MUST DRAW BLOOD BEFORE IT CAN BE SHEATHED.
THEN ON MY HONOUR, LET IT BE SATED.

WE ALL SWORE, LORD, ALL OF US IN THE WAR-BAND.
IT IS OUR HONOUR TOO.
RISE UP, DARKBLADE.
LET A DRUCHII BE KNOWN BY THE METTLE OF HIS COMRADES.
I DON'T TRUST YOU AS THEY DO, DARKBLADE, I DON'T LIKE YOU.
I WILL FIND SOME TASK FOR YOU, PERFORM IT AND PROVE YOUR LOYALTY.
I WILL, LORD, GLADLY.

GO, PREPARE YOURSELF.
I like this *not*, sister.
...Darkblade is a knight of renown. I will not have such a patent warrior finding favour in my father's eyes.
What will you do, Severin?
LORD, MY FATHER... IT IS A *GREAT* WONDER TO SEE NOBLE DRUCHII SUCH AS SILAR THORNBLOOD AND KUNOR KUNOLL'S SON VOUCHING FOR AN *OUTCAST* LIKE DARKBLADE.
TRULY, MY HEIR, IT IS SO.
YET, A FINE, *STRONG* COMPANY THEY MAKE.
WORD HAS COME THAT *RALKOTH* BASTARD SON OF ACCURSED NAGGOR, HAS BEEN SPIED IN THE BALEWOODS WITH A BAND OF MEN.
WOULD HIS *DESTRUCTION* NOT BE A WORTHY TEST?
YOU HAVE YOUR LATE MOTHER'S TASTE FOR BLOOD SEVERIN.
LET IT BE SO.
GIVE THEM A RAIDING PARTY, FATHER.
AND GIVE ME THE HONOUR OF RIDING WITH THEM TO JUDGE DARKBLADE'S METTLE.

THEY GIVE HIM CHAMBERS OVERLOOKING THE SLAVE PITS AND A FEW HOURS TO PREPARE.
FIRST THINGS FIRST, TO CLEAR HIS HEAD AND KEEP THE ABOMINATION OF SLEEP AT BAY.
THEN HIS PREPARATIONS CAN BEGIN.
ONCE HIS PRAYERS TO KHAINE HAVE BEEN MADE, HE ANOINTS HIMSELF WITH THE TOXIC SLIME OF THE COLD ONES. EVEN SPITE WOULD NOT ACCEPT HIM WITHOUT THAT STINK ON HIS SKIN.
THE VENOM NUMBS HIS FLESH.
NEXT, A NEWLY FORGED SUIT OF ARMOUR FROM THE HAG'S SMITHIES.
THE PROUD GARB OF A COLD ONE KNIGHT.
FINALLY, HIS KHEITTAIN, HIS SOULEATER, THE TRADEMARK WEAPON OF HIS BREED.

YOU LOOK EVERY INCH A WARRIOR, MALUS.
ELDIRE. I WAS WONDERING HOW LONG IT WOULD BE BEFORE YOU SHOWED YOUR FACE, WITCH-WOMAN.
IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME, MALUS WITH YOUR FATHER... DEAD... WE THOUGHT YOU WOULD NEVER RETURN TO THE HAG.
THE SLAVE MASTER HAS SET A TEST FOR ME.
I HEARD TO HUNT OUT RALKOTH THE MERCILESS
HE IS ONE OF NAGGOR'S FINEST GENERALS
WE WILL TALK MORE IF YOU RETURN
HE WILL PERISH ON MY KHEITAIN
WHEN I RETURN, WITCH.
AS KHAINE WILLS IT.

THEY RIDE FROM THE BASTION GATES BEFORE DAWN, AND MAKE SPEED FOR THE BALEWOODS.
THIRTY COLD ONE KNIGHTS LED BY MALUS, SILAR AND THE DRACHAU'S SON, SEVERIN.
HOW DOES IT FEEL, DARKBLADE, TO RIDE WITH THE DRUCHII OF HAG GRAEF AGAIN?
IT GLADDENS MY HEART, LORD SEVERIN.
WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU, MALUS? WHAT BEFELL YOU IN YOUR LONG EXILE?
I WOULD NOT POLLUTE YOUR YOUNG MIND WITH SUCH MATTERS, SEVERIN.
THE BALEWOODS
THEY BREAK THE COMPANY. HALF RIDE WEST WITH SEVERIN, THE OTHERS EAST WITH MALUS AND SILAR.
A PINCER MOVEMENT TO TRAP THE ENEMY

THAT'S FAR ENOUGH, DRUCHII. NOW WE RETURN TO THE HAG.
BUT LORD! WE CANNOT ABANDON DARKBLADE'S PARTY!
OH YES, LURGAN. THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT WE CAN DO...
".. FIFTEEN MEN, EVEN NOBLE COLD ONE KNIGHTS, ALONE IN THE BALEWOODS..."
".. WILL NOT SURVIVE WHEN RALKOTH'S WAR BAND FINDS THEM!"
NEXT: BLADE AND CLAW!

IT IS A MARK OF JUST HOW *INNOCENT* PIETER LANDSMANN WAS IN THE WAYS OF THE CITY THAT, OF ALL THE TAVERNS IN NULN, HE CHOSE TO SPEND THE NIGHT IN *THE THIRSTY DOG*
FOR WHILE NULN BOASTS MANY A *FINE* INN, NONE BUT A PEASANT BUMPKIN FRESH FROM THE FIELDS COULD MISTAKE THE DOG FOR ONE OF THEM.
SOMETIMES THOUGH, THE GODS *GUARD* THE UNWARY AND, DESPITE ALL EXPECTATIONS, PIETER SURVIVED THE NIGHT WITH BOTH PURSE AND THROAT *INTACT*
BUT THEN, WHATEVER THEIR *OTHER* SINS, THE LOCALS AT THE THIRSTY DOG HAVE ALWAYS *LOVED* STORIES ESPECIALLY WHEN THOSE STORIES ARE
YOU MUST UNDERSTAND; WE WERE SIMPLE *COUNTRY* FOLK, AND THOUGH HE HAD DELIVERED US FROM A *GREAT* EVIL, WE WERE GLAD TO SEE THE BACK OF HIM ALL THE SAME
BUT I AM GETTING AHEAD OF MYSELF IT IS BEST IF *FIRST* I TELL YOU OF THE PLACE WHERE I WAS BORN--
TO BE A PEASANT IN STIRLAND IS TO KNOW *HUNGER*, BUT EVEN BY *THAT* STANDARD LIFE IN THE VILLAGE OF BROMBEERE WAS *HARD*
Tales of
Hellbrandt Grimm
Script: Mitchel Scanlon Art: Sharp Brothers
Letters: Fiona Stephenson
TO US, THE FOREST WAS OUR *ENTIRE* WORLD. WE SAW FEW STRANGERS - FOR WHAT *GOOD* REASON COULD ANYONE HAVE TO VISIT SUCH A POOR AND BACKWARD PLACE
WHEN A STRANGER DID COME, THE TALE OF IT WOULD BE TOLD FOR GENERATIONS--
--LIKE THE TALE OF THE TIME OLD GUNTHER TRICKED A STARVING TRAVELLING CRAFTSMAN INTO CARVING A SIGN WITH THE VILLAGE'S NAME ON IT IN RETURN FOR A *WATERY* BOWL OF GRUEL
THAT SIGN STILL HANGS IN BROMBEERE TO THIS DAY - THE SOURCE OF NO *SMALL* PRIDE TO THE FAMILIES WHO LIVE THERE.
THOUGH WHEN, YEARS LATER, ANOTHER STRANGER CAME TO BROMBEERE--

HE SEEMED STRANGELY UNIMPRESSED WITH THE RESULTS OF OLD GUNTHER'S CUNNING
PHAAA
HA HA
HA HA HA!!
SOON, THE WHOLE VILLAGE HAD TURNED OUT TO GREET HIM AND, THOUGH I WAS BUT A BOY THEN, I STILL REMEMBER HOW CONFUSED WE ALL WERE BY THE STRANGER'S ODD BEHAVIOUR.
THOUGH FAR WORSE WAS YET TO COME
HEH. THE NAME'S OLTMO. TELL ME--
--WHO'S YOUR KING?
THAT WOULD DEPEND ON WHAT YOU MEAN, STRANGER.
THE COUNT OF STIRLAND RULES US. BUT IF IT IS A PURELY LOCAL MATTER THAT CONCERNS YOU, I AM THE VILLAGE HEADMAN. PERHAPS I
KRUNCHH!!
RIGHT
WE'LL TRY IT AGAIN
WHO'S YOUR KING?

HE TOLD US HE WAS NOW OUR KING, AND THAT IN FUTURE HIS WILL WOULD BE THE ONLY LAW.
THEN HE MADE US BURY THE HEADMAN IN THE CENTRE OF THE VILLAGE--
--THAT WE WOULD SEE THE GRAVE EVERY DAY, HE SAID, AND BE REMINDED OF THE FATE OF THOSE WHO DEFY THEIR RULERS.
UH!
IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, OUR NEW KING OLTHO THE FIRST, AS HE CALLED HIMSELF - LEVIED A SERIES OF TAXES, ALL BUT BLEEDING OUR POOR VILLAGE DRY.
AT FIRST, NOT ONE OF US DARED MOVE AGAINST HIM - WE WERE SIMPLE COUNTRY FOLK, AFTER ALL, AND KNEW NOTHING OF THE WAYS OF WAR.
WE DID KNOW OF POISONS HOWEVER AND, IN TIME--
--A PLOT WAS HATCHED.
WHAT'S THIS?
WILD MUSHROOM STEW, YOUR HIGHNESS
ARE YOU COLD, ANDEK?
N-NO, YOUR HIGHNESS--
THEN WHY ARE YOUR HANDS SHAKING!
DON'T YOU WORRY, MY FRIENDS
--ONCE ANDEK HERE HAS FINISHED HIS PORTION, THERE WILL STILL BE PLENTY LEFT TO GO AROUND

AFTER THAT, IN DESPERATION, WE TURNED TO THE ONLY WEAPON WE HAD LEFT--
--PRAYER
WE PRAYED FOR MERCY, FOR SALVATION, AND FOR JUSTICE. BUT MOST OF ALL, WE PRAYED FOR OLTHO'S DEATH
IT WAS THEN THAT ANOTHER STRANGER CAME TO BROMBEERE..
THERE'S A TOLL FOR HITCHING YOUR HORSE THERE, SADDLE-SCUM
AND NO DOUBT, YOU ARE THE TOLL-KEEPER...
..OLTHO
HELLBRANDT GRIMM!
YOU WON'T TAKE ME, YOU BAST--
--AAAARGHHH!
SHHLTCHH!

BUT... YOU CAN'T KILL ME! I'M THE KING...
...THE KING OF NOTHINMUCH.

SHHLUNKK!!

THE KILLER TOOK HIS LEAVE OF US THEN, WITHOUT A WORD OR A BACKWARD GLANCE.
AND, WHILE WE COULD NOT UNDERSTAND JUST *WHY* IT WAS HE FELT THE NEED TO TAKE OLTHO'S *HEAD* WITH HIM, NONE OF US DARED *ASK*.

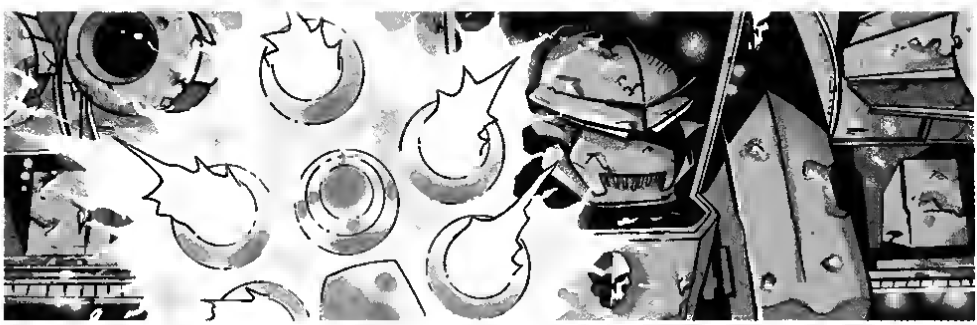
THOUGH WE WONDERED AFTERWARDS IF THIS PROVED THAT OLTHO TRULY *HAD* BEEN A KING OF *SOME* FORM OR OTHER.
WANTED
ESPECIALLY ONCE, WE FOUND THE *PORTRAIT* OF HIM HIS KILLER HAD ACCIDENTALLY LEFT BEHIND.

AS TO THE LAND OLTHO CLAIMED TO RULE - THIS PLACE CALLED *NOTHINMUCH* - AND WHERE IT MIGHT BE, WE COULD NOT SAY.
AFTER ALL--

--WE *WERE* JUST *SIMPLE* COUNTRY FOLK.
NOTHINMUCH
Sooner look for a king in Surland, than for a peasant there who reads
--A proverb popular in Averland
THE END

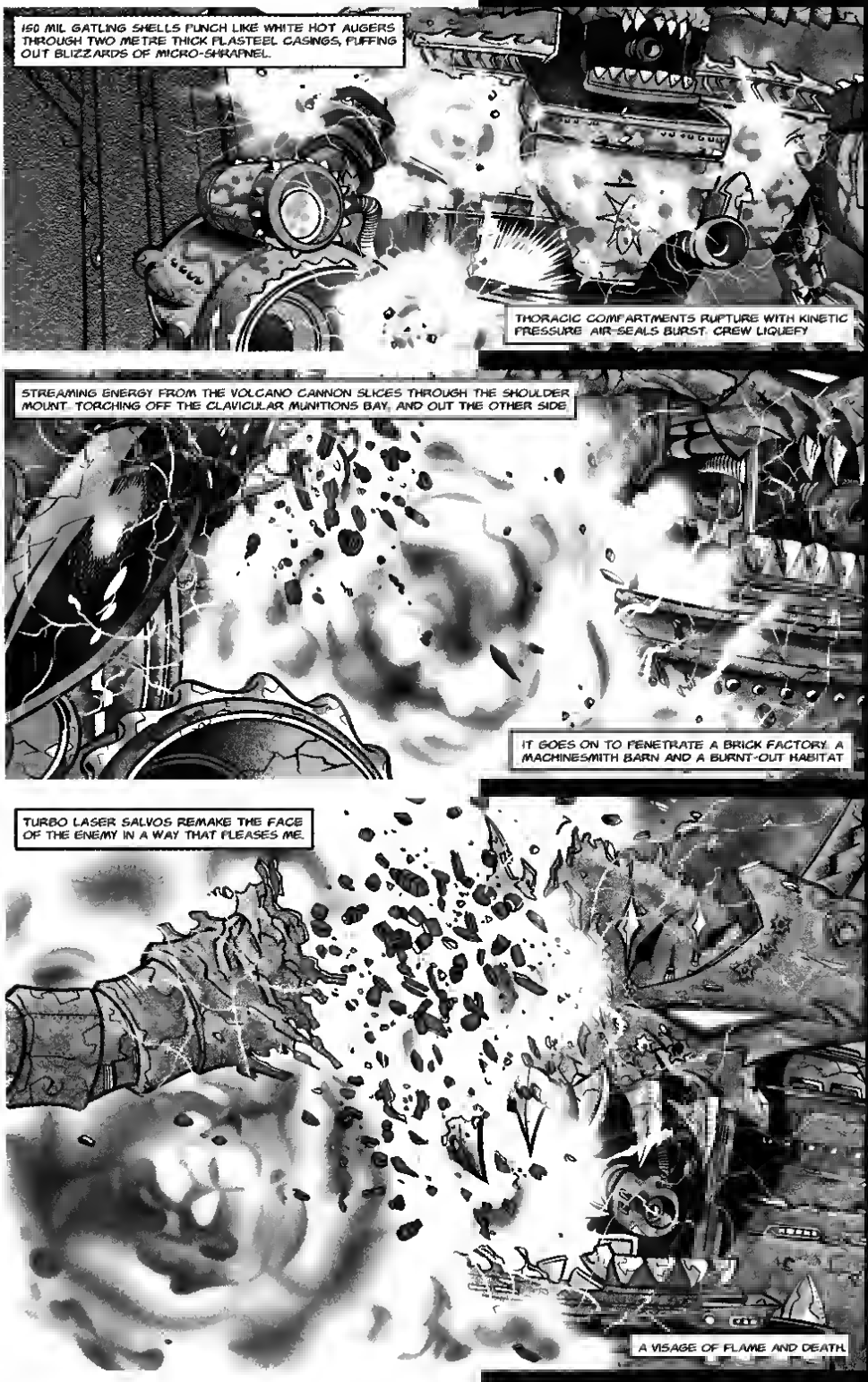
TITAN
GROUND ZERØ

RANGE! RANGE, EMPEROR DAMN YOU! WHAT IS THE RANGE?
S-SIX HUNDRED TEN! SIX HUNDRED TEN, PRINCEPS!
VOID SHIELDS FULL FRONT. CYCLING AUTOLOADERS. RECOIL DAMPERS ENGAGED. TENSION BRACING TO ONE-HALF DRIVE TO YIELD...



SCRIPT: DAN ABNETT · ART: ANTHONY WILLIAMS

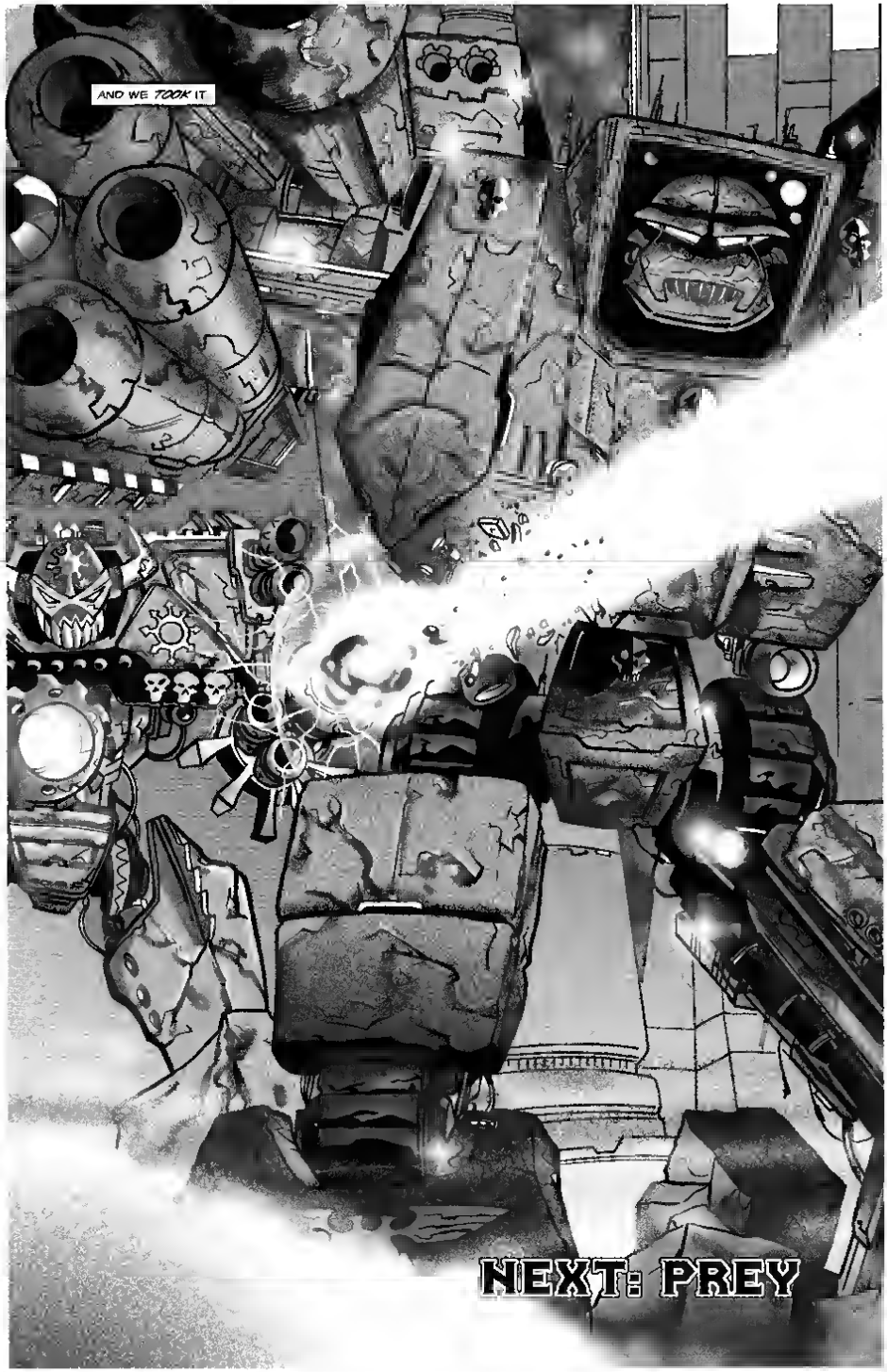
VOLCANO CANNON FIRE!
TURBO LASERS! FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!


150 MIL GATLING SHELLS PUNCH LIKE WHITE HOT AUGERS THROUGH TWO METRE THICK PLASTEEL CASINGS, PUFFING OUT BLIZZARDS OF MICRO-SHRAPNEL.
THORACIC COMPARTMENTS RUPTURE WITH KINETIC PRESSURE AIR-SEALS BURST. CREW LIQUEFY
STREAMING ENERGY FROM THE VOLCANO CANNON SLICES THROUGH THE SHOULDER MOUNT, TORCHING OFF THE CLAVICULAR MUNITIONS BAY, AND OUT THE OTHER SIDE.
IT GOES ON TO PENETRATE A BRICK FACTORY, A MACHINESMITH BARN AND A BURNT-OUT HABITAT
TURBO LASER SALVOS REMAKE THE FACE OF THE ENEMY IN A WAY THAT PLEASES ME.
A VISAGE OF FLAME AND DEATH.

MY ONSLAUGHT BREACHES THE VULNERABLE DRIVE CORE
FOUR AND A HALF SECONDS AFTER FIRST ACQUISITION, MY ENEMY DIES

DICTATIO! DICTATIO! PRAISE THE MACHINE GOD!
MY MODERATI'S JUBILANT ROAR IS ECHOED THROUGHOUT THE BODY OF MY TITAN..
..FROM DORN AND HIS ENGINEERS, BELLOWING THE HYMN OF THE ADEPTUS MECHANICUS..
..TO THE CACKLING GLEE OF THE WEAPON SERVITORS
..RANGE.. R-RANGE WAS SIX-HUNDRED TEN.. SIX HUNDRED TEN.. HEAD-ON BEARING.. SIX HUNDRED TEN..
ALL BUT ZYGO NEW TO US, YOUNG, A WAR-VIRGIN.
HE HESITATED HE WAS SLOW GIVING THE RANGE IT MIGHT EASILY HAVE COST US.
AND HE KNOWS IT..

SWIFT DISCIPLINE WILL ENSURE THAT NEVER HAPPENS AGAIN.
...B-BY THE MARK, SIX-HUNDRED T TEN...
TACTICIAN ZYGO
PRINCEPS, I HESITATED. I EXPECT YOUR FULL CENSURE
BUT-
BUT?
THE RANGE READING CONFUSED ME. I WAS SCANNING FOR ENERGY TRACES.
THE TARGET HAD NONE. I HAD TO RECALCULATE THE RANGE VISUALLY.
IT TOOK A MOMENT THAT WAS WHY I HESITATED
NO ENERGY TRACES?
MINIMAL, PRINCEPS. NOT ENOUGH FOR A RANGE LOCK.
BUT THAT THING'S DRIVE ALONE SHOULD HAVE REGISTERED LIKE A SMALL SUN...
I THINK IT WAS DEAD ALREADY, PRINCEPS. CRIPPLED AT LEAST. I'D SAY DEAD.
BUT WHY D-
BAIT
IT WAS BAIT
ALARM! ALARM! BRING US ABOUT!


AND WE TOOK IT.
NEXT: PREY

Mordheim

Script: Gordon Rennie · Art: Paul Peacock

THE OUTLAW SETTLEMENT OF *GALLOWSCUM'S REFUGE*, WHERE MARQUAND AND ULLI HAVE RETURNED AFTER ANOTHER WYRDSTONE-HUNTING EXPEDITION –
YOU KNOW, ULLI, I CAN'T HELP NOTICING SOMETHING SEEMS TO HAVE *CHANGED* SINCE WE WERE HERE LAST.
AGREED, FRIEND MARQUAND. THE *IMPALED CORPSES* AND *STENCH OF BURNING FLESH* ARE DEFINITELY A NEW LOCAL FEATURE
Crusade – part two
HMMM. FLAYED AND BURNED CORPSES, PLENTY OF SIGNS OF HORRIFIC AND SUSTAINED TORTURE.
COULD BE THE WORK OF A *CHAOS CULT*, OR MAYBE EVEN THE *WITCH-HUNTERS*
WITCH-HUNTERS? CAN'T BE NOT ENOUGH OF THEM IN MORDHEIM TO DO SOMETHING ON *THIS KIND OF SCALE*
NO, LOOK AT THOSE GARROTTE MARKS AND GOUGE WOUNDS, MARQUAND. IT COULD EVEN HAVE BEEN THE WORK OF THE *RAT-THINGS*.
UM, ULLI...?

REGENT
...I WOULDN'T BE SO SURE ABOUT THAT.
RIGHT...
"WHO'S FIRST!"
SKUTCH

DESPITE THE ODDS AGAINST THEM, MARQUAND AND ULLI BATTLE ON...
...FIGHTING, WELL, IF NOT THE GOOD FIGHT, THEN AT LEAST THE VERY VIOLENT ONE!
SKYAAK
UNTIL --
VHUM! YOU FIGHT GOOD, JAH?
BUT YOU NOT ESCAPE DER WRATH OF SISTER PURITY!
SHUNKT

LEAVE THIS ONE TO US, SISTER...
RANALD'S OATH!
LET THE-THREE-WHO-WERE-ONE DEAL WITH HIM!
BRASHT!
WAKK
SWUD
A FINE DISPLAY, BROTHERS. NOW BIND THEM AND MAKE THEM READY...

'WE WILL BEGIN THE HUNT AT SUNSET.'
REJOICE, SINNERS, FOR CONSIDER THE GREAT WORK YOU ARE ABOUT TO BE PART OF!
YOU WILL BE HUNTED THROUGH THE RUINS. TO THOSE LOYAL SERVANTS OF SIGMAR WHO FIND AND KILL YOU SHALL GO THE HONOUR OF LEADING ALL HERE IN THE BLESSED WORK TO COME
THE LORD SIGMAR HAS COMMANDED THAT MORDHEIM IS TO BE CLEANSED
YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND. YOU WILL NOT ESCAPE. YOUR DEATHS HAVE ALREADY BEEN ORDAINED. LORD SIGMAR HIMSELF HAS COMMANDED IT.
PICK THEM UP, BROTHERS. IT IS TIME.
RIGHT. BUT WHAT HAPPENS IF WE GET AWAY?
'THE HUNT BEGINS NOW, AND WHEN THE SUN RISES AGAIN TOMORROW THEN OUR HOLY CRUSADE TOO SHALL BEGIN AND THE CITY OF THE DAMNED SHALL BE WIPED FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH!'
TO BE CONTINUED

NEW FROM THE BLACK LIBRARY

The roar of battle, the clang of blade on shield, the slice of cold steel through hot flesh, the spouts of blood, the screams of pain, the cawing of the carrion-eaters as they await the feast to come – it's just another month of new releases from the Black Library!

This month the Prince of Darkness, Malus Darkblade himself, has seized control within the Black Library. Not only does he grace the front cover of this very issue, sitting victorious on his throne of the bodies of 'also-rans', but he has authorised the release of the second part of his glorious biography, in the form of a graphic novel – *Darkblade Book II: World of Blood* which will be splattering the shelves soon.

Not content with such carnage, *Lords of Valour*, the gore-soaked anthology of Warhammer Fantasy stories including such authors as Gordon 'Bloodquest' Rennie, Warhammer Loremaster Gav Thorpe, William 'Gotrek & Felix' King and many more, will be out soon. And Darkblade would remind you, Inferno! #24 with its cold-blooded tale of a dark elf assassin and his treacherous employer is still available.

But Malus's new-found influence does not stop at the eternal portals of the Black Library. No, his subtle plotting has allowed him to worm his way into the greater construct of the Games Workshop Studio, even now Darkblade's cruel overseers are watching as the Studio scribes desperately scribble the new dark elf armies book. Miniature designers work night and day in the darkness casting troops for his warhosts, their only light the flickering flames of candles made from the fat of those who have displeased their new lord.

The Prince of Darkness has returned, and the Warhammer World will never be the same again!

All available soon from your local Games Workshop store

INCOMING

✦

✦

✦

✦✦ Greetings, fellow servants of the Emperor, praise his name. I wish to impart my admiration upon you for the glorious re-design of *Warhammer Monthly*

The revamped editorial pages give the comic marvellous sense of urgency, as does the new cover design.

Finally, I salute you for the discovery of the Sharp Brothers. Their work on *The Assassin's Tale* (WHM 41) was stunning. Clear, professional and brought out the best in Mitchel Scanlon's top notch scripting.

Why don't you team them up with Gordon Rennie on a *Kal Jerico* adventure. Perhaps Kal's origin or a tale which takes Kal up into the main body of the Hive, as opposed to his usual haunts in the sump slums.

Finally, before I have to interrogate a suspected Chaos spawn, when is that maniac, *The Redeemer* returning to WHM's pages?

✦

✦ Inquisitor Sturm, Planet Poledouris.

✦

✦✦ Worm! Of course you like the re-design. How do I know this? Because it was all my idea! It was I who ordered that shambling mound of slime known only as 'Hinks' to update its look so it was worthy of the 41st Millennium – or feel my boot up one of his many behinds! Indeed the Brothers Sharp are talented, but it was I who taught them everything they know! I wouldn't hold your breath waiting for them to illustrate the antics of that cur, *Kal Jerico* either, because they're going to be too busy painting portraits of me for all eternity. And as for the *Redeemer*, 'maniac' is an apt word for that imbecile! It is rumoured that he is making a return to these hallowed pages in issue 50... but not if I have anything to do with it!

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✦

✦

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